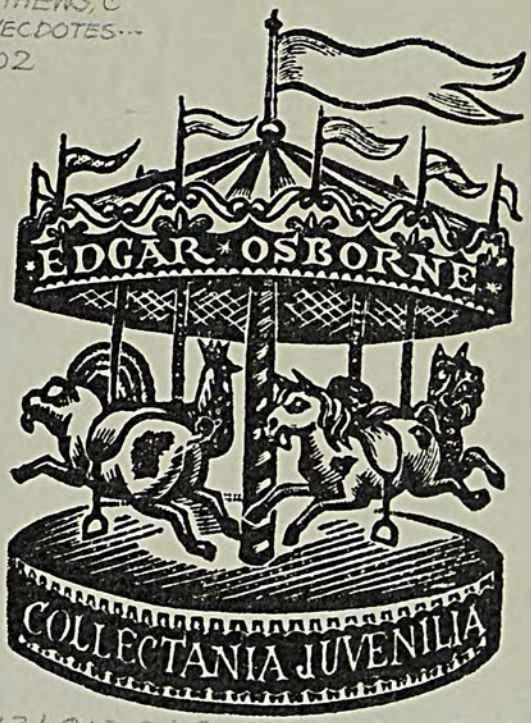

4 cuts Bewick

ANECDOTES

OF

THE CLAIRVILLE FAMILY;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE HISTORY OF EMILY WILMONT.

By Mrs. C. MATHEWS.

The legitimate end of Fiction is Truth.

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LIFE was quickly receding from the bosom of Mr. Clairville, when he called to his bedside his amiable sister, and recommended to her

protection his orphan children. "I feel," said he, "my beloved Mary, that I am hastening fast to *my* father and *your* father, to *my* God and *your* God; nor do I experience a pang in quitting this world but what arises for the future welfare of my children; be kind to them, my beloved Mary, for they have no friend but you. Endeavour to counteract the prejudices, which, I fear, a wrong education has impregnated in their young minds, and make them virtuous as they are lovely." Mary Clairville solemnly promised her brother to be the truest and best of friends to his

children; and, a few minutes after, Mr. Clairville breathed his last.

After the funeral, &c. Miss Clairville sent for the children from school. Catharine, the eldest, was eleven years old; Elizabeth, nine; George, seven. Their dispositions were by nature pliable; and had they not been committed to the care of a selfish, proud, unfeeling governess, would have been good children; but under the tuition of Mrs. H. Gregory, they had imbibed a set of false ideas, which required a cool and persevering mind to eradicate. Catharine had been taught

to conſider every one as her inferior, whoſe fortune was not equal to her own; and Elizabeth, who was a peculiarly beautiful child, deſpiſed every one that was ordinary, and feared and hated every one that was handſome: even little George was not free from prejudice, but his tender years gave hopes that the errors in his education would be ſooner conquered than thoſe of his ſiſters.

Miſs Clairville, their aunt, was a worthy, ſenſible, and benevolent young woman; her heart was open "as melting charity," to the diſtreſſes of her fellow

creatures ; if a poor family were ſick, it was her care to provide them with the comforts that were neceſſary in their ſituations. The orphan and the widow never ſued to her in vain, nor was the poor wanderer driven from *her* door unrelieved. If within the precincts of the village, near which Clairville Caſtle was ſituated, an unhappy creature deviated from the paths of virtue, the gentleſt methods, the moſt perſevering tenderneſs was exerted to reclaim her from the evil of her ways. " Alas !" ſhe would ſometimes ſay, " how many unhappy wretches have been ſacrificed to

vice by the uncharitableneſs, reproaches, and unfeeling conduct of their relations, and been driven by the voice of upbraiding, to ſeek for ſupport amidſt the intricate labyrinths of vice and folly, who, had they been treated with humanity and ſoothed with tenderneſs, would have been ſhining examples of *virtue*, reclaimed from the power of the vicious. To a woman poſſeſſed of the ſenſe and feeling which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed Miſs Clairville, the failings of her nieces and nephew were ſubjects of infinite diſquietude; yet ſhe hoped, by gentle and imperceptible de-

grees, to wean them from the evil propenſities they had acquired at ſchool, and make them worthy members of ſociety. A few days after their return home, the weather being particularly fine, ſhe propoſed their walking down into the village, and expected to have ſeen her young companions delighted with the propoſal; ſhe was therefore aſtoniſhed to ſee a gloom overſpread the countenances of Catharine and Elizabeth. "What is the matter, my dears?" ſaid Miſs Clairville. Catharine took upon her to anſwer, "I thought, Madam," ſhe ſaid, "when we came home, we

ſhould go out in the carriage; only poor and vulgar people walk, and one might as well be one of them, if the luxury of a coach is denied one."

"You have expreſſed yourſelf very juſtly, Catharine," ſaid Miſs Clairville, with regard to a coach; it is indeed a LUXURY, and as all luxuries are enervating, I wiſh not to indulge you with what I know to be injurious to the conſtitution both of your mind and body. Walking is a natural exerciſe, riding an artificial one; walking promotes the circulation of the blood, braces the nerves, and exhilarates the ſpirits, while

riding in a carriage encourages indolence, and engenders laſſitude; it is an indulgence which, in my opinion none but the ſick, the feeble, and the aged have a claim to. "Do you never ride in a carriage, Madam?" aſked Elizabeth. "Sometimes my love," replied Miſs Clairville, "for inſtance when I viſit my good friend Mrs. Beverley, who you know lives nine miles from the Caſtle, which is rather too far a walk." "I wiſh I were Miſs Du Bois," ſighed Catharine, "ſhe even at ſchool is allowed the uſe of a carriage, and is never contradicted do what ſhe will." "And is it

poſſible my dear Catharine can wiſh to be ſuch an indolent weakly child as Miſs Du Bois, her whoſe life is an illuſtration of the dreadful effects of falſe indulgence!" Catharine bluſhed. "Her parents have pampered her appetites, and gratified her idle wiſhes, till ſhe is ſatiated with a profuſion of luxuries, till what was uſed to give enjoyment, is become vapid and diſguſting, her health is deſtroyed, her ſpirits are languid, and ſhe is in ſhort a moſt pitiable object." Catharine was confuſed and vexed, and when Miſs Clairville ordered her to tie on her hat and attend her

on her walk, ſhe did it with the utmoſt reluctance. Clairville village was not more than half a mile from the Caſtle, and the walk to it the moſt beautiful imagination can form; yet Catharine often complained of fatigue, and wiſhed herſelf at the Caſtle. This Miſs Clairville knew to be the effects of ſullenneſs, and not thinking proper to take any notice of it, continued to point out to their obſervation the beauties of the ſurrounding country, and expatiate on the goodneſs of Providence. "Dear Aunt," ſaid George, "what neat little cottage is that on the ſide of yonder

hill?" "It belongs to a poor widow." "And what little boy is that working so hard, he does not seem much bigger than we, and he handles the spade like a little man?" "He is the son of the poor widow, and a very good child, my dear George, but come I will introduce you to him." "What Madam," said Catharine haughtily, "will you introduce MY brother to that POOR BOY?" "Yes Catharine, not as his friend and *familiar* companion, but as a very good child who is equal to what are commonly called the *great*, that is the *titled* and the *wealthy*." "I do not see how that

is poſſible," ſaid Catharine. "I will tell you. That child is a "noble of God's own creating;" he is virtuous, pious, and induſtrious. It is theſe noble principles of the human mind that are truly honourable, and not the adventitious gifts of birth and fortune. Are you, my Catharine, wiſer or better for having been born in yonder ſtately caſtle; are your limbs more gracefully formed; is your complexion of a more dazzling brightneſs, or your *natural* underſtanding ſuperior to the lowly peaſant, who toils through the day for a ſubſiſtence, and at night retires to his cottage,

grateful to the great Beſtower of good for the mercies he enjoys? God, my dear Catharine, equally diſtributes his good gifts, nor did he ever deſign that great *inequality* which at preſent ſubſiſts between man and man; not but what there is a certain degree of ſubordination neceſſary; extremes are never virtuous, but to treat the poor with contempt becauſe they are *poor*, is mean and hateful in the ſight of heaven." "My dear father," ſaid Catharine, "would never allow us to aſſociate or converſe with ſervants, and other inferior people." "Your good father acted perfectly right;

but did he never tell you to be affable, gentle, and obliging to thoſe ſort of people." "Yes, but one cannot be affable without being familiar." "You are deceived, my dear Catharine, 'tis the eaſieſt thing imaginable." "Then we may romp and laugh with the ſervants Madam," ſaid Elizabeth, "O! I am glad of that. "By no means, my ſweet Elizabeth, that would be highly improper; you muſt always ſpeak to them with kindneſs and gentleneſs, but never with familiarity; to be familiar, is to treat a perſon as your friend and confidant; to be affable and polite, is

the certain means of insuring yourself the affection and respect of your inferiors. If you are familiar with an ignorant or uneducated person, if you romp, jest, and laugh with them, they will shortly treat you with rudeness; they will say, come Catharine, come Elizabeth, you must do this or this, or I will tell your aunt. If once you make servants your companions, you will be in continual fear of them, but treat them with courteous politeness and gentle civility, and they will become faithful servants and humble friends." "I have heard your servant Winifred say, when

ſhe was very ill, you frequently viſited her, and even adminiſtered her medicines; was not that familiarity?" "No, it was only diſcharging a duty incumbent on me." "But ought a gentlewoman to adminiſter medicines to a plebeian?" aſked Catharine. "Is any hand too good to perform an act of charity?" This was a queſtion which called a bluſh into the cheeks of Catharine, and ſhe attempted not to reply. By this time they were near the cottage, and the little boy perceiving them coming towards it, ran in to inform his mother, who came out with a

fine blooming infant in her arms, and with innumerable curtseys, welcomed her kind benefactress to her humble dwelling." "How do you do, dame," said Miss Clairville, "and how is little Jenny?" "Jenny, heaven bless her little heart, is purely Ma'am, thanks to God and your Ladyship, and Simon is a good lad, minds his book, and takes care of the garden; my children, notwithstanding the times are hard, are so far from being in the way, that I would not be without them for all King George's dominions. "What nasty brown dishes are those on the shelf?" asked Catha-

rine. " I dare ſay, my love," replied Miſs Clairville, " you are miſtaken in calling them *naſty*." " I aſſure you, Miſs, it be only the colour of them, they are as clean as hands and water can make them. " Come Simon," ſhe continued, and take your dinner into the garden, here is a nice drop of milk and a cruſt of bread." " O dear!" exclaimed little George, " is he to have nothing but bread and milk for his dinner? poor little fellow, I am afraid he cannot be content with ſuch ſcanty fare." Simon now entered the cottage, and bowing very reſpectfully to Miſs

Clairville and her family, approached his mother. At ſight of the bread and milk, he hung his head and drew back. "He does not like it," ſaid little George, "poor fellow, pray give him ſomething elſe?" "Do not you like it, Simon," aſked Miſs Clairville. "Yes, my Lady," replied Simon, "God forbid but I ſhould be thankful for ſuch good food, but I am afraid my mammy and little Jenny will not have enough for their dinners if I eat ſo much, half of it is ſufficient." "Good child!" ſaid Miſs Clairville. "God be praiſed!" exclaimed his delighted mother. "See

my dear children," said Miss Clairville, the blessings of content. George was lamenting that little Simon should be obliged to feed from such coarse provisions, and only mark how thankful that good child is for it, and the goodness of heart he evinces in wishing to share it with his mother and sister. This little incident will I trust teach you a useful lesson of temperance and generosity, and as we return home, I will repeat this good boy's history. Miss Clairville now bade Dame Smith, Simon, and little Jenny a good morning, and returned towards the Castle. "Jenny is

a pretty little child enough," ſaid Elizabeth, " but Simon is very ugly." " Now I think him a very fine boy," ſaid Miſs Clairville. " His ſkin is ſo brown, and his hands ſo coarſe," ſaid Catharine, " that, for my part, I could not bear to look at him. " But then his cheeks," ſaid little George, " are as red as a roſe, and his eyes are ſo good humoured, that I could love him if I might." " You have my conſent, my dear George," ſaid Miſs Clairville, ſmiling, " he is worthy your love." " You promiſed us his hiſtory, Madam," ſaid Elizabeth. " And I will give it

to you, my love. Dame Smith was the wife of a reſpectable farmer, always having been in habits of induſtry from their earlieſt days; in a few years they became what is called by the country people, above the world; that is, they owed their landlord no money, and their cattle, &c. were worth above fifty pounds. Their days paſt by in virtuous employment; their children were ſtrong and healthful, and their unſophiſticated minds had no wiſh ungratified. But heaven ſome times afflicts the good for wiſe, though unſeen, purpoſes. A diſtemper broke out among

their cattle ; many of them died, and others were left in ſuch a debilitated ſtate as to be unfit for ſale ; the mildew deſtroyed the early bloſſom of their fruit-trees, and the ſeaſon proving unfavourable to the harveſt, theſe late, happy, and comparatively rich people, were reduced to the extremeſt poverty. Their landlord, a proud, unprincipled, and avaricious man, demanded payment of their rent, but they were unable to raiſe it, and the unfeeling creature ſeized upon their remaining property, and drove them from the houſe where late, content and plenty preſided at the

cheerful meal, and enlivened the hours of innocent recreation. Unſheltered, unfriended, and moneyleſs, yet ſcorning to beg, they took up their reſidence in a barn ſituated in the adjoining pariſh, and the huſband of Dame Smith was employed as a day-labourer by the farmer, who humanely lent them this humble ſhelter. Little Simon too went to weed in the fields, while his good mother buſied herſelf at home with domeſtic affairs. A few weeks reconciled them to their misfortunes, and peace and content again viſited their humble dwelling ; but, alas! their

happineſs was of ſhort duration; an epidemical diſtemper deprived Dame Smith of one of her children, and a few days after her huſband breathed his laſt in her arms. Unable to bear up againſt ſuch complicated miſery, the poor woman fell ſick. And now commences poor little Simon's hiſtory; he ſaw the dreadful ſtate into which his poor mother was ſunk (for her diſorder was on her ſpirits) without having it in his power to relieve her wants; the ſcanty pittance he earned by weeding in the fields, was inadequate to ſupply the neceſſaries of life, and the farmer who employ-

ed him was too poor to adminiſter relief. What was poor Simon to do; he was almoſt aſhamed to beg, but the comfort, perhaps the life of his mother, depended on him. Simon left his poor mother, after giving her the only drop of milk, having carefully warmed it over a bundle of ſticks which he had collected from a neighbouring wood in the morning. As he paſſed ſlowly and melancholy along the road, he ſaw a fine gilded equipage advance. Simon ran to the ſide of the carriage, and, pulling off his hat, craved charity of the gay dreſſed lady who occupied it;

but instead of receiving any alms, the servants rebuked him for his impertinence, and the carriage drove on. Simon had begged money to buy food for his mother, but was refused as I have already told you; the lady to my knowledge that day sat down to a profusion of luxuries at her own table, but was unable to eat many of the dainties placed before her; and though she refused sixpence to little Simon when he begged for his sick mother, cloyed the appetite of her pampered lap-dog with the richest delicacies her table afforded!" "Wicked woman!" exclaimed Catharine,

" She was an object of pity, my dear Catharine, she had from earliest youth been taught to regard the poor and lowly as an inferior species of beings; she had no idea of the ties which ought to link all created beings in the bonds of harmony and charity, and teach us to regard our fellow creatures as brothers. But to proceed with my story: Little Simon that day met with very trifling encouragement, and at night returned weary and disconsolate to his sick parent. She was much worse, and poor Simon, as he tenderly hung over her, pressed his little lips to hers, and be-

dewed her burning forehead with his tears. It was in this ſituation, my dear children, I diſcovered him; think how I was affected, how intereſted for the fate of this charming boy." "But how, Madam," aſked Catharine, "did you become acquainted with his ſituation, or rather the ſituation of his mother?" "I will tell you my love. The farmer's wife to whom the barn belonged, was a very good, although a very poor woman, and being unable, from the narrowneſs of her circumſtances, to relieve the neceſſities of dame Smith, ſhe prevailed on her huſband, (who, for a man in his

ſituation of life, writes a tolerable hand) to ſtate the poor woman's caſe to me in a letter which was ſent to the caſtle ſeveral preceding days before the one I am now ſpeaking of; unluckily I was then on an excurſion with a party of ladies and gentlemen, and did not receive it till the evening, on which I diſcovered little Simon in the intereſting ſituation I have endeavoured to give you an idea of." "And though it was evening when you received the letter, you went to viſit dame Smith?" ſaid Catharine. "Certainly," replied Miſs Clairville, "when we have a duty to perform, we ought

not to ſhrink from any perſonal inconveniences." "But could not a ſervant have ſeen the poor woman properly taken care of, without your riſking your health by going ſo far when the dews were falling?" "I have but one ſervant I could, with ſatisfaction to myſelf, entruſt ſuch a commiſſion to, and ſhe at that time was on a viſit to her friends." "You have not finiſhed the ſtory, my dear Aunt" ſaid Elizabeth affectionately. "Cannot you gueſs the remainder?" "I can," ſaid Catharine; "the poor woman under your tender care, recovered her health and ſpirits, and you

placed her and her children in that cottage. When I am a woman and miſtreſs of my own fortune, I will try to emulate the virtues of deareſt aunt." Catharine delivered this ſentence with the enthuſiaſm of a young and innocent heart, the tear of feeling trembled in her eye, and her whole frame evinced the fine emotions which glowed in her boſom. Miſs Clairville preſſed her with rapture to her heart. "I knew you were not devoid of feeling, my ſweet child; tell me what do you think of little Simon? Could the ſon of a prince have acted with greater filial ten-

derneſs, or have given higher proofs of the dignity of his nature." "Surely not," replied Catharine. "Then in what is a virtuous prince ſuperior to a virtuous peaſant? nothing but in the adventitious gifts of fortune and education." Catharine acknowledged the truth of this, and returned to the caſtle with very different feelings from thoſe ſhe quitted it with. She was a ſenſible child, and the hiſtory of little Simon and his mother made an impreſſion on her mind, which was never eradicated by time. Elizabeth, ſtruck with admiration at the virtues of Simon, forgot

for awhile that his hands were brown, and ſkin coarſe, while little George begged his aunt would allow him to give the good child a new ſuit of clothes to go to church in, a boon ſhe immediately granted with delight.

CHAP. II.

The following morning after breakfaſt, the Clairville family again took their way towards the village, at the entrance of which Catharine remarked a neat white building, " which ſeemed to ſpeak its owner's turn of mind, content and not for praiſe, but virtue kind."

" Pray Madam," ſaid ſhe, " what neat building is that, how beautifully the honey-ſuckle and laburnum twines round the windows, and what a charming green

there is before the houſe?" "It is the village ſchool," replied Miſs Clairville. "Are we allowed to viſit it?" aſked Catharine. "Certainly; we will go there immediately." Miſs Clairville and her young companions now entered the ſchool-houſe; on their entrance, the miſtreſs and children reſpectfully aroſe to receive them; the extreme ſimplicity and uniformity of their dreſs, their artleſs, modeſt, and grateful demeanour, highly delighted and ſurpriſed the little Clairvilles, and they gazed on the ſcene before them with ſenſations equally new and pleaſurable.

Miſs Clairville ſpoke with the moſt winning but dignified affability to the miſtreſs and children, then begging them to reſume their ſeats, led her little family to the head of the room, and placing them by her ſide, began to inquire the progreſs which the children made in their education. "Come hither Jeſſy Welldone," ſaid ſhe, "and let me hear how you improve in your reading." Jeſſy approached with a reſpectful curtſey, and opening a book which ſhe held in her hand, read the following leſſon:

"How cheerleſs would be the lot of man, if deprived of the

comforts which RELIGION beſtows; in the hour of affliction, it is a conſoling balm to the almoſt broken heart; it teaches the ſufferer to hope 'all things ſhall work together for his good;' the penitent, that his ſins are forgiven; the good man, that his virtues ſhall be rewarded, and the dying, that in a brighter world, unſpeakable and everlaſting joys await him. Its precepts are not 'harſh and crabbed as dull fools have taught;' but mild and gentle as the breath of ſpring, which delights the ſenſes, and enlivens the ſpirits. It withholds from its votaries no innocent enjoy-

ments, but teaches them to live in peace and charity with all mankind, to consider each individual as a brother; 'to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.'

Jessy Welldone delivered this lesson with a neatness of pronunciation, and justness of emphasis, which charmed Miss Clairville, and drew on that good girl the applause of her benefactress. "I am highly pleased with the improvement you have made Jessy; continue to persevere in the ways of virtue and industry, and you will be rewarded with the love of man, an approving conscience,

and what is above all competition, *the approbation of God!*

"I wiſh I could read ſo well as Jeſſy," ſaid Elizabeth, with a bluſh. "You may eaſily do that my love," replied Miſs Clairville. "How, Madam?" aſked Elizabeth. "By attention, application, and perſeverance, there are no difficulties but what may be ſurmounted. Twelve months ago, Jeſſy Welldone was an indolent, ignorant, uneducated girl; but under the tuition of good Mrs. Lovebook, ſhe is become what you ſee her, an induſtrious well informed child."

One of the girls who was re-

marked for the ſweet modulation of her voice, and the delicacy and feeling withwhich ſhe read poetry, was now called up to Miſs Clairville, who ſelected the following beautiful "Ode to Patience," (written by the late Mrs. Francis Sheridan) which Fanny immediately read.

ODE.

Unaw'd by threats, unmov'd by force,
My ſteady ſoul purſues her courſe,
Collected, calm, reſign'd;
Say, you, who ſearch, with curious eyes,
The ſource whence human actions riſe,
Say, whence this turn of mind?

'Tis Patience!—Lenient goddeſs, hail!
Oh! let thy vot'ry's vows prevail
Thy threaten'd flight to ſtay;
Long haſt thou been a welcome gueſt,
Long reign'd an inmate in my breaſt,
And rul'd with gentle ſway.

Thro' all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each ſeveral ſtate
My wayward lot has known,
What taught me ſilently to bear,
To curb the ſigh, to check the tear,
When ſorrow weigh'd me down?

'Twas Patience!—Temp'rate goddeſs, ſtay!
For ſtill thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to Paſſion's pow'r;
Tho', by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toils, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held moſt dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier
Of her I lov'd ſo well;
What, when mute Sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the ſable hearſe I hung,
Forbade the tide to ſwell?

'Twas Patience!—Goddeſs ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breaſt thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chymiſtry divine can turn
Our loſſes into gain.

When ſick and languiſhing in bed,
Sleep from my reſtleſs couch had fled,
(Sleep, which ev'n pain beguiles)
What taught me calmly to ſuſtain
A fev'riſh being rack'd with pain,
And dreſs'd my looks in ſmiles?
'Twas Patience!—Heav'n-deſcended maid!
Implor'd, flew ſwiftly to my aid,
And lent her foſtering breaſt;
Watch'd my ſad hours with parent care,
Repell'd th' approaches of deſpair,
And ſooth'd my ſoul to reſt.

Say, when diſſever'd from his ſide,
My friend, protector, and my guide,
When my prophetic ſoul,
Anticipating all the ſtorm,
Saw danger in its direſt form,
What could my tears controul?
'Twas Patience!—Gentle goddeſs, hear!
Be ever to thy ſuppliant near,
Nor let one murmur riſe;
Since ſtill ſome mighty joys are giv'n,
Dear to her ſoul, the gifts of heav'n,
The ſweet domeſtic ties.

Miſs Clairville having commended Fanny's reading and encouraged all the children to perſevere in the paths of induſtry, departed from the ſchool-houſe.—As they walked towards the Caſtle, Catharine and Elizabeth expreſſed much pleaſure in their morning's excurſion, and the former remarked the great expenſe the ſchool muſt coſt the benefactors; for it was evident from the children's dreſs, it was ſupported by charitable donations. "The expenſe is not ſo great as you imagine, my dear," ſaid Miſs Clairville. "The ſheep which are kept on the ground which be-

longs to the ſchool-houſe, ſupplies them with wool, which is ſpun by ſome of the children, and wove by others into pieces which are made up into gowns. The cows afford them milk and butter ; they have corn-fields which ſupply them with bread, and the other produce of the eſtate being ſent to market, provides them with all the neceſſaries of life, but none of its luxuries.

The real wants of nature are few and eaſily ſupplied ; and it is a melancholy truth, that what is called civilization, has introduced luxuries into the world, which is

fatal to the progreſs of virtue and reaſon,

" Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of ſenſe,
" Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence;
" But health conſiſts in temperance alone,
" And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own."

" And who are the benefactors, Madam," aſked Catharine? " My dear Catharine," replied Miſs Clairville, " the ſchool-houſe and eſtate on which it is built belongs to *me*, and the miſtreſs's ſalary is paid by *me*." Catharine looked with affectionate ſurpriſe in her aunt's face: " Is it poſſible, Madam, that out of your moderate fortune you can ſpare ſo much

to benefit the poor?" "Strict economy, my dear Catharine, would enable a perſon of leſs property to do more charitable actions than you have been a witneſs of. I am now forming a plan for erecting alms-houſes for the relief of the aged and infirm; but as this is a large undertaking, I hope my dear neices and nephew, with the conſent of their guardians, will contribute ſomething towards their ſupport."

The children joyfully acceded to the wiſhes of their aunt, and returned to the Caſtle delighted, with improved underſtandings, and new and virtuous ideas. In

useful avocations, instructive conversation, and rational amusement, the days glided by, each morning giving proofs of the rapid improvement they made under the guidance of their aunt; yet neither Catharine nor Elizabeth were free from early prejudice. Catharine could not at times avoid feeling the superiority which birth and fortune gave her, nor Elizabeth, from feeling disgust towards the ordinary, and envy to the handsome. The attentive eye of Miss Clairville saw that these traits in their dispositions were not entirely conquered, but she hoped, by persevering

in the plan ſhe had fixed for forming their morals, to eradicate theſe errors from their minds. One day, the weather being particularly fine, Miſs Clairville propoſed taking them to viſit her friend Mrs. Beverley. Accordingly, the coach was ordered, and the happy party ſet off in high ſpirits to Beverley-Cottage. It was a delightful little retreat, ſituated in a ſpot which nature had adorned with innumerable beauties. The wild-roſe, the honeyſuckle, the ſweet-brier, and the myrtle * ſcented the air with

* The myrtle grows wild in the ſouth of Devon.

their balmy breath, and decked the hedge-rows with their luxuriant branches. The children, enchanted with the beauties which ſurrounded them, expreſſed their admiration in a thouſand artleſs remarks, and Miſs Clairville liſtened to them with the ſweeteſt and moſt approving ſenſations the human heart can experience. "Who is Mrs. Beverley, to whom this little ſpot belongs?" aſked Catharine. "She is the widow of a tallow-chandler, who being a careful and induſtrious man, raiſed himſelf from a blue-coat boy to a reſpectable tradeſman, and at his death bequeathed his

widow, my amiable friend Mrs. Beverley, a genteel independence, which she now enjoys." "A blue-coat boy and a chandler," mechanically repeated Catharine, and drew up her head. "Are you *very* intimate with this woman, Madam?" "Mrs. Beverley HONOURS me with her friendship, my dear." "Do you call it an honour, Madam, to be intimate with the widow of a *tallow chandler?*" "Most undoubtedly I do, and feel highly favoured in her allowing me to introduce you to the acquaintance of her kind-hearted children; you will, I trust, find them interesting

companions and amiable friends." "Are her daughters pretty, Madam?" asked Elizabeth. "One of them is very beautiful, the other met with a misfortune in her infancy, which occasioned a deformity in her figure; but Heaven has amply compensated for those personal imperfections by the graces of her mind, and I dare say, when you are become acquainted with her, you will acknowledge her to be a most charming little girl." The carriage now drew up to Beverley cottage, and they were welcomed by its amiable mistress with graceful politeness. She now

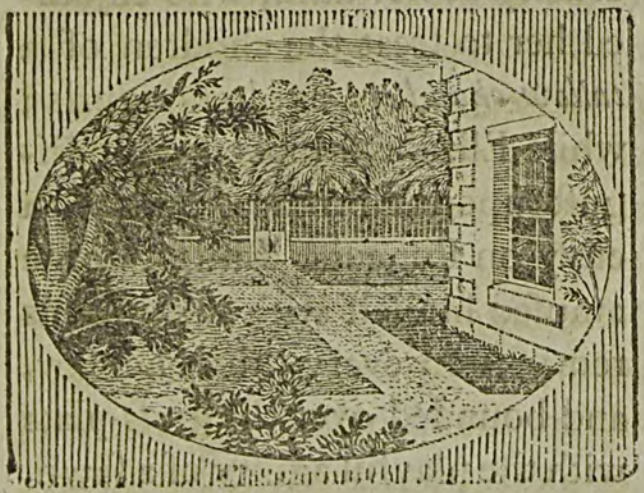
led them into what she called her school-room, and introduced the young Ladies to her daughters. The instant Elizabeth cast her eyes on them, she envied the one, and was disgusted with the other. Dorothea Beverley had an immense excrescence on her back, her gait was aukward, her complexion sallow, but to one who loved to study the "human face divine," her countenance displayed goodness, sense, urbanity of manners, and benevolence of heart. Little Elizabeth could not be expected to be nicely discriminative, and therefore was disgusted at first sight with the wor-

thy Dorothea. Eugenia Beverley was a perfect little Hebe, her hair was golden, (bright amber) her eyes blue as the canopy of heaven, and her cheeks glowing with the finest bloom of health. Every motion was accompanied with a peculiar grace; when she spoke, her language was elegant and correct; when she sung, her voice, expression, and execution were enchanting. Catharine, who had more good sense, though more pride than Elizabeth, would have been delighted with the sisters, had not that destroyer of all harmony and social intercourse, (family pride!) prevented

her from cheriſhing thoſe pleaſurable ſenſations which hail the virtuous of clime, and every tribe as a brother and a friend!

Miſs Clairville watched the countenances of her neices, and ſaw what was paſſing in their minds; hoping that the example of Mrs. Beverley and her amiable daughters would be the means of baniſhing theſe idle prejudices from their minds, ſhe reſolved to ſtay a few days with her friend, when ſhe truſted, her neices, charmed with the amiability of the Beverley family, would become converts to reaſon and good ſenſe.

After they had taken ſome refreſhment, Mrs. Beverley aſked them to walk into the gardens,



which were very extenſive ones, laid out after the directions of that lady. The children would have been gratified with every

thing they saw, had their hearts been at ease. But Catharine was every moment regretting the cruelty of her aunt, who enjoined her to treat the children of a *tallow-chandler* as her equals; while Elizabeth looked with disgust upon Dorothea, and with envy on Eugenia. Little George amused himself with making his remarks on every thing he saw, and bounded over the grass-plats with the playful agility of a fawn. Having walked over the gardens, the party returned to the house, where a comfortable, but not luxurious dinner waited for them, which, having partaken of, the

children were allowed to withdraw, while Miſs Clairville and Mrs. Beverley entered into an intereſting converſation on the education of daughters. Dorothea Beverley, as the eldeſt of the party, led the way to a ſmall temple appropriated to the uſe of herſelf and ſiſters. Catharine haughtily followed, leaning upon Eugenia's arm, and Elizabeth remained a ſmall diſtance behind, which Dorothea obſerving, begged her to accept of her arm, "or rather ſhoulder I ſhould ſay," ſaid Dorothea, "for though I am much older than you, you are conſiderably taller than I am;

the misfortune I met with in my infancy, mamma ſays, has ſtopped my growth." "Misfortune indeed," ſaid Elizabeth; "I would not for the univerſe have that naſty ugly hump on my ſhoulder." "Since it is there," replied Dorothea, "I muſt endeavour to be content; and though my body is deformed, be particularly careful that my mind is graceful. It would argue an ungrateful heart to the great Creator of all, not to be thankful for the mercies he *has* given me, becauſe I do not poſſeſs ſo fair a perſon as you, your ſiſter, or my dear Eugenia." "I am ſure if

I were you I ſhould envy her, her beautiful perſon." "Not for worlds would I be ſo wicked; conſider a fit of ſickneſs may rob her cheeks of their bloom, and her eyes of their luſtre, but cannot deprive her of her good heart. How much better then, how far to be preferred are the beauties of the mind to thoſe of the perſon." Elizabeth felt confounded at being rebuked by a child like herſelf, yet ſhe could neither look on Eugenia without envy, nor on Dorothea but with diſguſt. But a few days reſidence in this amiable family, reconciled her in a degree to the deformity of Do-

rothea, and the loveliness of Eugenia. Eugenia appeared unconscious of the eminent beauty she possessed, and strove by a thousand delicate and kind attentions to win the friendships of the Miss Clairvilles; while Dorothea, though a proficient in many accomplishments, of which they had but a superficial knowledge, and mistress of a much finer understanding than either Catharine or Elizabeth possessed, never by a vain display of sense or learning assumed a superiority over them; but by her engaging manners, stole by imperceptible degrees into their good opinion. They

had been nearly a week at the cottage, when Elizabeth was ſeized with an indiſpoſition, which in a few hours proved to be the ſmall-pox. During her illneſs, which was tedious and dangerous, the good Dorothea Beverley ſpent the greateſt part of her time, rendering the little ſufferer many uſeful but often loathſome attentions, her diſorder being of the moſt virulent kind. Nor was the beautiful Eugenia unmindful of her ſick gueſt, and though ſhe never had the ſmall-pox herſelf, with the permiſſion of her mother, viſited the invalid. Miſs Clairville propoſed her being ſent to the

caſtle, but this Mrs. Beverley objected to——" God" ſaid ſhe, " if he ſees fit, can viſit her with this dreadful diſeaſe there as well as here ; to his protection I commend my child, *he* gave, and he has a right to take away."

At length the diſorder aſſumed a favourable aſpect, and Elizabeth became ſenſible to the attentions of Dorothea ; and the magnanimity of Eugenia's mind, who though conſcious of the danger ſhe incurred, ſtill continued her viſits to the ſick chamber. Her heart overflowed with gratitude for their kindneſs, and ſhe no longer was diſguſted with the de-

formity of the one, nor envied the beauty of the other. " I am afraid, my dear aunt," ſaid ſhe, tenderly preſſing Miſs Clairville's hand in hers, " I was before my illneſs guilty of many acts of unkindneſs towards Miſs Beverleys, but if heaven ſpares my life, I will endeavour to make them amends." The ſmall-pox robbed Elizabeth of ſome ſhare of her beauty, but ſhe was infinitely more faſcinating in the eyes of the judicious and ſenſible obſerver, than before her illneſs. When grown to a woman, ſhe frequently ſaid, heaven juſtly chaſtiſed her for the value ſhe ſet

on her perſonal beauty, nor once regretted the want of that which when poſſeſſed of, made her vain and envious. Catharine was ſo ſtruck with the virtues of the Beverleys, that ſhe ſhortly ceaſed to diſregard, and treat them with *hauteur*, becauſe they were the daughters of a *tallow-chandler*; on the contrary, ſhe treated them with the moſt pointed reſpect, and was ſoon ſenſible of this great truth, that *true dignity is ſeated in the mind, and that neither illuſtrious birth, nor immenſe fortunes, ought to be put in competition with virtue and honour*; the former may dazzle the weak, the fooliſh, and the

vain, but it is the latter alone which can enſure the reſpect of the ſenſible, or the approbation of the CREATOR!

Having conquered their prejudices, the Clairville family became the love and admiration of the country around. The moſt ſincere and laſting friendſhip was formed between Catharine and Eugenia, Elizabeth and Dorothea; their days were ſpent in kind and benevolent actions, and "The bleſſing of him who was ready to periſh," followed them through life.

FINIS.

THE

DANGERS OF CONCEALMENT

EXEMPLIFIED

IN THE HISTORY OF

EMILY WILMONT.

HISTORY
OF
EMILY WILMONT.

IN a beautiful village in the weſt of England, reſided Mrs.

Wilmont. This Lady was a widow, whoſe fortune, though ſmall, was not only from the ſtrict economy ſhe purſued rendered adequate to ſupply the real wants of life, but afforded many of its elegancies, and, above all, was made ſubſervient to the higheſt gratification which the feeling heart is capable of experiencing; that of relieving the wants of the oppreſsed and friendleſs!

Mrs. Wilmont had one daughter, a child who at the commencement of this hiſtory, was not more than ſeven years old; ſhe was kind-hearted and ge-

nerous; but timid and delicate; and well as she knew the goodness and tender indulgence of her mother, she nevertheless often concealed from her circumstances with which every child ought to acquaint her mother. For instance, if she broke a piece of china, tore her frock, or met with any other accident, she left no means untried to prevent its coming to the knowledge of her indulgent parent.

This was an evil propensity, which, when Mrs. Wilmont discovered, she used every means in her power to check; but alas!

Emily ſtill *erred*, and ſtill endeavoured to *conceal* her *errors*.

About this time the orphan daughter of a beloved friend came to reſide with Mrs. Wilmont. She was a lovely little girl, ſenſible, honeſt, and ſincere; her underſtanding, which was of the firſt order, cultivated by her late amiable mother, evinced knowledge and wiſdom beyond her years, and encouraged the worthy Mrs. Wilmont to contemplate its progreſs towards maturity, with a delight bordering on rapture.

She hoped the influence of example would be of the utmoſt

ſervice to her daughter; that the honeſt, open, and ſincere manners of Matilda Weſtfield, would have the happieſt effect on the purſuits and temper of Emily, and make her as amiable and praiſe-worthy as herſelf.

A ſhort time after Matilda's reſidence in Mrs. Wilmont's family, a circumſtance took place, which, though in itſelf trifling, unfolded the diſpoſitions of the children. Among other innocent amuſements, Mrs. Wilmont was an enthuſiaſtic admirer of flowers, and cultivated with the niceſt care a ſmall part of her garden. Here the mountain daiſy, the

modeſt primroſe, and ſweet but unobtruſive violet, with innumerable wild flowers which ſhe had tranſplanted from their native beds, diffuſed their flagrance, and delighted the taſteful eye of Mrs. Wilmont. It was a little ſpot held ſacred by the family; no hand but Mrs. Wilmont's drew the weeds, or pruned its luxuriance.

One evening, as Matilda and Emily were at play in the garden, the latter remarked a beautiful wild flower, with whoſe name ſhe was unacquainted, but its vivid colours had attracted her eye; and notwithſtanding ſhe

knew her mother's anger would enſue if ſhe plucked it, ſhe could not ſuppreſs her inclination to become its miſtreſs. "Do you think, Matilda," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe anxiouſly looked at the flowers, "there could be any harm in plucking one?" "Certainly, Emily," anſwered Matilda, "it would be very wicked."—"How is that poſſible?" aſked Emily. "Your mother," replied Matilda, "has commanded you not to touch a ſingle leaf of theſe flowers; and ſhould you pluck one, you will not only be guilty of *diſobedience*, but will have told a *falſehood*, Emily, than which no-

thing can be more mean or wicked."—"If you are not a tell-tale, Matilda, I may have a flower, and my mother know not of it. Only see how many there are of the same kind." "That will not lessen your guilt, Emily; and, believe me, if you pluck the flower, its possession will not afford you comfort, you will be continually thinking on having broke the commands of your kind mother, though she is unacquainted with your wickedness; besides, Emily, you should even remember the UNSEEN POWER is privy to all your actions, and though you may hide

them from man, you cannot deceive God!"

"Dear Matilda," ſaid Emily, while a tear gliſtened in her eye, "you are ſo ſerious about a trifle, and talk ſo much like my mother. O dear! what a beautiful butterfly."—No longer attending to Matilda, and thoughtleſs of conſequences, Emily ſprang acroſs the flower-bed to catch the beautiful inſect which reſted on a root of violets. "It is gone," cried Emily, with an air of chagrin, "and look, Matilda, what I have done,—I have trodden on my mother's favourite daiſies. Dearеſt Matilda, do not ſay it was me

who did it, my mother will never forgive me."—"O! yes, my dear Emily," replied the good and ſenſible Matilda, "let us go this moment and acknowledge the accident, I am ſure Mrs. Wilmont will pardon you." But the ſelf-willed Emily would not liſten to the reaſonable advice of her companion, and retired to her pillow without acknowledging her fault. Emily's ſleep was diſturbed and broken—Matilda's ſweet and tranquil. Emily's eyes, when ſhe aroſe in the morning, were ſunken, and her cheeks pallid, while Matilda's eyes ſparkled with innocent intelligence, and her cheeks

were animated by the fine glow of health. " Dear me! Miſs Emily," ſaid Sally, (the ſervant who uſually attended on her) as ſhe tied her frock, " are you not well this morning, you look ſo pale." " Not very well, Sally." " I know what is the matter with you, Miſs; I ſaw you laſt night when you little thought I did. " Dear, dear Sally!" exclaimed Emily, " do not, O do not tell my mother!" " Not I indeed, Miſs, I ſcorn ſuch a ſhabby action;—do you think I will tell Madam, and get you ſeverely corrected for ſpoiling a paltry root of violets;—not I indeed,

Miſs, I leave that to Miſs Matilda, who, I dare to ſay, will be glad enough to pick a tale on you or any one elſe." "Matilda is a very good girl, Sally," replied Emily. "Not ſo good as you think, Miſs; I am ſure if my mother was to love a ſtranger better than me, I ſhould be very angry." "And do you think, Sally, my mother loves Matilda better than me?" "Do I?—yes indeed, Miſs." Poor Emily wept bitterly, and from that moment conceived an unconquerable averſion to Matilda. Mrs. Wilmont, as was her cuſtom, had walked in the garden before

breakfaſt, and to her inexpreſsible regret, had diſcovered the accident which had happened to her violets the preceding evening. When the children entered the parlour to take their breakfaſt, ſhe eyed them attentively. "Matilda," ſaid ſhe, "you look extremely well. Emily, my love, why do you bluſh?" Emily's cheeks became ſtill redder.—"Can either of my dear girls tell me," continued Mrs. Wilmont, "by what accident my favourite root of violets was cruſhed?" Each remained ſilent. "Is it to you, Matilda, I am indebted for the deſtruction of a plant I have

taken ſo much pains to rear? or you Emily?—Will neither of you ſpeak?—then, I imagine you are both equally guilty—but why not ingenuouſly acknowledge your fault? have either of you found me harſh or ſevere?—O! my dear children, you know not the pain which you inflict on my heart, a heart, whoſe every earthly wiſh is centered in you. Shun, my ſweet girls, the path of deceit, for it will lead you to deſtruction. Be ſincere and honeſt in all your dealings, and you will not only receive the love of man, but of God and his holy angels. Emily, I charge you, by the love and

reverence you owe me, ſpeak the truth—did you deſtroy the violets?" Emily hung her head and remained ſilent. "Generous child!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilmont, "it was not you, but you will not criminate your friend. Matilda Weſtfield——" "Deareſt Madam," ſaid Matilda, burſting into tears, and flinging her arms around Mrs. Wilmont's neck, "do not frown ſo upon me, but promiſe to *forgive* and *love* the offender, and I will tell you the truth." "Speak quickly, then," ſaid Mrs. Wilmont. "Emily, deareſt Emily," cried Matilda, kiſſing her cheek, "look up,

your beloved mother pardons you." Emily ſobbed, and hid her face with her hands. "Come hither, Emily," ſaid Mrs. Wilmont, in a tone of voice which ſunk to the heart. Emily tremblingly approached her mother. —Do not ſuppoſe, my child, that you ſee me ſuffer pain merely for the loſs of my violets—it is true, I regret them, but the feelings of regret are weak to thoſe which tear my heart for your dereliction from truth and virtue. O Emily! how often have I told you, that what are called VENIAL errors, are, in truth, the foundation on which vices are reared,

which make the good and virtuous tremble to contemplate. Deceit leads to falſehood—falſehood to theft—theft to murder! You have not only been deceitful, Emily, but unjuſt. How could you, for a moment, ſuffer me to remain in an error reſpecting the real aggreſſor? did not your heart ſmite you, when I accuſed this good child for a fault you alone was guilty of?—But go to your chamber; this time I afford you my forgiveneſs, the next offence ſhall be puniſhed." Emily ſullenly withdrew from the preſence of her good mother, and Matilda, willing to conſole

and counſel her, immediately followed; but Emily rudely cloſed the door againſt her, and Matilda turned into the library, where ſhe endeavoured to forget the grief which the unkindneſs of Emily excited in her boſom, in a peruſal of Madame Genlis' Tales of the Caſtle.

Emily had now recourſe to her pernicious adviſer, Sally. She lamented, in terms the moſt ſilly and childiſh, the ſenſible reproof which Mrs. Wilmont had beſtowed on her, and repeated, with more malice than ſhe had ever before evinced, the partiality which her mother ſhowed to-

wards Matilda. "Ay, ay, Miſs, I told you how it would be; for my part, if I were a young lady like you, I would do what I liked, and not aſk any body.—You are too good, Miſs, and too ſincere, and for the future, when you do miſchief, muſt be more cautious."

Poor little Emily (for what good heart can avoid pitying a bad one) became every day more wicked; ſhe was always committing of faults, and always endeavouring to conceal them by telling of falſehoods, and not unfrequently laying the blame on Matilda, for errors ſhe herſelf was

the author of. Sally, who was her ſole confidant, had ſuch an aſcendancy over her, that ſhe could prevail on her to do juſt as ſhe pleaſed; and when even the unhappy, the truly unhappy Emily, felt compunction for her errors, or gave ſigns of amendment, Sally never failed to threaten ſhe would reveal all the falſehoods ſhe had told, if ſhe made herſelf ſo ſilly; ſo that poor Emily was frightened into wickedneſs; and now frequently, though ſhe trembled while ſhe did it, and feared the vengeance of a juſt God, purloined money from her mother's purſe to ſatisfy the avarice

of the infamous Sally. A continual prey to fear, Emily became pale and ill, she no longer delighted in her toys, or could find amusement in the many books of delight and instruction which Mrs. Wilmont procured for her. She lost her appetite, and never slept in peace, *for the guilty cannot know repose!*

Matilda Westfield, whose mind was free from guilt, and whose heart glowed with cheerfulness, innocence, and piety, daily improved in knowledge and beauty. She was the gentle soother of Mrs. Wilmont's cares, and the

ſweet ſolace of her melancholy hours.

Matilda ſaw with regret the declining health of Emily, and ſtrove by every delicate ſolicitude to amuſe and comfort her; but alas! Emily was beyond the reach of conſolation, the goading ſting of conſcience, which never dies, deſtroyed the ſprings of life, and made her beyond conception wretched! ſometimes ſhe endeavoured to pray; but not even the prayer of penitence could ſhe offer ſincerely, her mind was confuſed, her heart ſick with grief.

Mrs. Wilmont ſaw her daughter ſinking to the grave, but

unacquainted with the cauſe of her melancholy, ſhe could only endeavour by the moſt unremitting tenderneſs, to ſooth and comfort her.

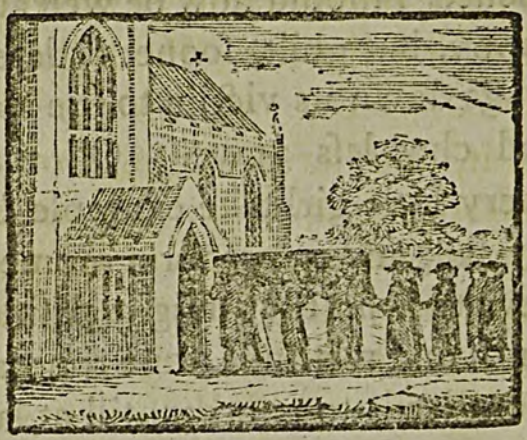
Sally, who could not but remark the alteration in Emily, began to tremble leſt ſhe ſhould be diſcovered as her accomplice and adviſer; and therefore determined to make one bold effort to enrich herſelf through the means of the unhappy girl.

Mrs. Wilmont had a few days before received a conſiderable ſum of money, which as uſual ſhe had depoſited in her eſcritoir in the library. Sally knew this,

and going to Emily, by prayers, threats, and entreaties, prevailed on her to STEAL from her good mother five guineas, with which this wicked young woman made the beſt of her way from the village, leaving the unhappy Emily a prey to the moſt agonizing remorſe. No longer able to contend with the terrors of an angry conſcience, a raging fever confined her to her bed. Here, in the agonies of delirium, ſhe confeſſed her guilt, a knowledge of which was ten times more terrible to the good Mrs. Wilmont, than the contemplation of her death. A few hours before

ſhe died, her reaſon returned, when in the moſt pathetic manner ſhe implored the forgiveneſs of her parent. " Alas !" ſaid ſhe, " my deareſt mother, had I but liſtened to your ſenſible advice, and to the ſuggeſtions of conſcience, I ſhould now be well and happy, but guilt, ſooner or later, drags down its victim to the cold and cheerleſs grave. O ! may every little girl take example by my fall, and never for a moment deviate from the ſtraight path of truth and rectitude ; one concealment leads to another, till at laſt the wretched victim is immerſed in ſuch a labyrinth of guilt, from

which nothing but death can extricate her. O! my deareſt motner, pardon your poor Emily! beloved Matilda, forgive me; God! have mercy!" Emily ſpoke no more—her ſpirit was gone to appear before its God.



Mrs. Wilmont's grief was poig-

nant, but a ſenſe of the duty ſhe owed to her fellow-creatures, and reſignation to the wiſe decrees of heaven, taught her to bear without repining, the diſpenſations of Divine Providence.

Matilda became a fine young woman, beloved and admired by all who knew her; ſhe ſtill continued to live with Mrs. Wilmont, and her days glided on in peaceful tranquillity. In innocent amuſements, acts of benevolence to their fellow-creatures, and piety towards God, their time paſſed on unmarked by ſorrow. Not that they ceaſed to think or

feel for the death of Emily, often did they converſe of her.

" The hiſtory of my poor Emily," Mrs. Wilmont would ſometimes ſay, " ought to teach all children the Dangers of Concealment ;" and that there can be no happineſs for them, unleſs they are ſincere, virtuous, and pious."

We present our Young Readers with the following Extract from Dr. Blair, on the importance of order in the distribution of time.

TIME we ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to us by God; of which we are now the depositaries, and are to render account at the last. That portion of it which he has allotted us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the distribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not

the hours of hoſpitality and pleaſure interfere with the diſcharge of our neceſſary affairs; and let not what we call neceſſary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a ſeaſon, and a time for every purpoſe under the heaven. If we delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, we overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along ſmoothly. He who every morning plans the tranſactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the moſt

buſy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itſelf through all his affairs. But, where no plan is laid, where the diſpoſal of time is ſurrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of diſtribution nor review.

The firſt requiſite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impreſſed with a juſt ſenſe of its value. Let us conſider well how much depends upon it, and how faſt it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconſiſtent, than in their appreciation of time. When they think

of it, as the meaſure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greateſt anxiety ſeek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in ſeparate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and ſquander it with inconſiderate profuſion. While they complain that life is ſhort, they are often wiſhing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other poſſeſſion, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be maſter of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to conſume it. Among thoſe who are ſo careleſs of time, it is not to be expected that order ſhould be ob-

ſerved in its diſtribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of ſevere and laſting regret are they laying up in ſtore for themſelves! The time which they ſuffer to paſs away in the midſt of confuſion, bitter repentance ſeeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, ariſes to be the torment of ſome future ſeaſon. Manhood is diſgraced by the conſequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppreſſed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the cloſe of life, the dying man beholds with anguiſh that his days are finiſhing, when his preparation for

eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks

back on the paſt, and provides for the future. He catches and arreſts the hours as they fly. They are marked down for uſeful purpoſes, and their memory remains. Whereas thoſe hours fleet by the man of confuſion like a ſhadow. His days and years are either blanks of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with ſuch a confuſed and irregular ſucceſſion of unfiniſhed tranſactions, that though he remembers he has been buſy, yet he can give no account of the buſineſs which has employed him.

THE END.

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